

Miss L. C. Austin

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## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Charles Brockden Brown.

Original.

In preparing a summary notice of this eminent writer, our principal object is, by giving an outline of his history, to endeavor to excite our readers to the perusal of his admirable productions, in preference to the useless, if not injurious trash, with which foreign authors are inundating the land.—Those, who desire more particular information in relation to him, are referred to the large work of Dunlap; or to an excellent article by Mr. Prescott, in the first volume of Spark's American Biography, from which most of our materials have been drawn.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN was born at Philadelphia, January 17, 1771. He was descended from highly respectable ancestors, members of that worthy sect, who with Penn sought an asylum for their faith in these western wilds. From his earliest childhood he was noted for studious habits, particularly a fondness for geography; and was often found alone indulging his propensity for the acquisition of knowledge.—When ten years old an anecdote is related of him, which strongly illustrates his early perception of the value of learning. A visitor at his father's unjustly rebuked him for some remark he made, and contemptuously styled him boy. After the departure of the guest, young Brown exclaimed with indignation; "What does he mean by calling me boy? Does he not know that it is neither size nor age, but sense, that makes the man? I could ask him a hundred questions, none of which he could answer." At the age of eleven, he was placed at school under the instruction of a learned and experienced teacher, where he went through an extensive course of English reading and gained an elementary acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages; applying himself, in spite of a feeble constitution, most assiduously to his books. To prevent his sedentary pursuits from impairing his health, at the recommendation of his instructor he was accustomed to make pedestrian excursions into the country; and these solitary rambles so well suited his natural taste, that he often protracted them until his friends became alarmed for his safety. His attachment for retirement and seclusion, thus early developed, continued with him through life, and was the source of much of his after happiness, as well as misery.

In his sixteenth year he left school, having exhibited little promise of future eminence. He had made a few rude attempts at poetry, and soon after sketched the design of three epics, upon the discovery of America and the conquests of Mexico and Peru; but from his never publishing them, we are authorised to conclude that they were, like the generality of juvenile effusions, of inferi-

or worth. The fate of a later fugitive piece merits recital. It was a poetical address to Franklin, prepared for a newspaper, for whose name the blundering printer substituted that of Washington; thus converting intended eulogy into the severest satire.

Having now reached the period when it became necessary to decide on the choice of a profession, with the cordial approbation of his friends, he selected the law, as most congenial to his logical and comprehensive mind. This he entered upon and pursued, with his usual ardor and much success, until he had nearly finished the usual term of preparation for the bar. But, well adapted to his talents as was the profession he had chosen, his feelings were not satisfied. He united with a club, where he made frequent essays in composition and eloquence, and all his leisure hours were spent in the cultivation of more attractive literature. As the time approached when he must commence practice as a lawyer, his repugnance increased, until, conjuring up a miserable species of sophistry, he excused himself to his friends for finally abandoning legal pursuits altogether, by pretending that they were immoral in their tendency, and that he could not reconcile it with his duty to come forward indiscriminately as the advocate of right or wrong. Having taken this resolution, he forsook the law when just ready to enter on a course of honorable fame; and for some time wasted his powers in speculations and reveries. It was then the height of the French revolution, and from a treatise published in 1797, entitled *Alcuin, a dialogue on the rights of women*, he appears not to have entirely escaped the contagion of prevailing skepticism. After an interval of leisure, passed in travelling and visiting, in 1798 he removed to New York, where he contracted an intimacy with many men of talents and reputation; among whom were Mr. Dunlap, who has since commemorated his virtues, and Mr. Johnson, the able author of the Law Reports.

He had previously begun an epistolary romance, from which Mr. Dunlap gives copious extracts, but the work not equaling his wishes, it was left unfinished. In 1798, he published *Wieland*—the first of the wonderful series of fictions which he poured forth so rapidly—a novel, in which "he succeeded most admirably in delineating the powerful workings of passion, displayed by a mind constitutionally excitable, under the control of some terrible and mysterious agency." *Ormond* appeared in 1799, wherein he "designed to exhibit a model of surpassing excellence, in a female rising superior to all the shocks of adversity, and the more perilous blandishments of seduction; and who, as the scene grows darker and darker around her, seems to illumine the whole with the radiance of her celestial virtues." The same year, being attacked with the yellow fever,

then desolating New York, and having so far recovered as to transfer his residence from the infected city to Perth Amboy, the recollection of the scenes he had witnessed, and the perils he had escaped, gave birth to the first part of *Arthur Mervyn*, or memoirs of the yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793. His object was "to describe the pestilence wasting a thriving and populous town; and instead of expatiating on the loathsome symptoms and physical ravages of the disease, he selects the most striking moral circumstances which attend it; he dwells on the withering sensation that falls so heavily on the heart, in the streets of the once busy and crowded city, now deserted and silent, save only where the wheels of the melancholy hearse are heard to rumble along the pavement." Soon after, he started a periodical entitled the *Monthly Magazine and American Review*—a spirited publication which existed about a year—while, in the mean time, he produced *Edgar Huntly or the Adventures of a Sleepwalker*. This story is crowded with fertile descriptions of natural scenery, and "a constant succession of as original incidents, perils and hair-breadth escapes, as ever flitted across a poet's fancy." In 1800 followed the second part of *Arthur Mervyn*; far inferior to the first, from its many inequalities, dislocations and improbabilities.—In 1801, he gave to the world *Clara Howard*; and in 1804 closed the series with *Jane Talbot*, first printed in England; both of which, though free from the more glaring defects, want also the power and originality of their predecessors.

In 1801, Brown returned to Philadelphia, where, in 1803, he undertook the editorial management of the *Literary Magazine and American Register*, which was extended through the twelfth volume. In 1804, he married Miss Elizabeth Linn—daughter of Dr. William Linn of New York—an amiable and highly accomplished young lady, to whom he had become attached during his residence there. In 1806 he projected the *Annual Register*, which he directed till the close of the fifth volume in 1809. In addition to his regular and stated contributions to both these works, he furnished much miscellaneous matter for the *Port Folio*, besides preparing several political pamphlets.

Thus engaged, in the bosom of his affectionate family, with independence secured by his labors, and enjoying the high reputation he had so well merited, he seemed to possess every possible means of happiness. But his health gave cause for apprehensions. His unremitting exertions and sedentary habits had made deep inroads upon a naturally tender constitution. For some time he had shown evident symptoms of a pulmonary complaint. His anxious friends would have persuaded him to cross the Atlantic, but he could not consent to be so long separated from the pleasures of home. In 1809, he

made a tour into N. J. and N. Y. and several shorter excursions, but no salutary change taking place in his health, at length, during the autumn, he determined to yield to the earnest entreaties of those about him, and visit Europe the next spring. But mark the fallacy of human hopes! In November, he was attacked by a violent pain in his left side, and never again left his chamber. He lingered under incessant and acute sufferings—which he endured with the cheerfulness and magnanimity becoming one who had avowed himself the ardent friend and willing champion of Christianity—until February 22d 1810, when he met death in the true spirit of christian philosophy. He left a family, consisting of a widow and four children.

In Mr. Brown's personal appearance there was nothing remarkable. His manners were agreeable but gentle and unaffectedly simple; possessing uncommon colloquial powers, he never assumed an air of superiority in his intercourse with society; a stranger to base and malignant passions, he delighted in doing full justice to the merits of others. His great characteristics were goodness of heart and amiability of disposition, and hence, it was in the intercourse of private friendship, that his worth shone most conspicuous. He read carelessly whatever came in his way; and the vast quantity of miscellaneous information thus acquired, is evidenced by the variety and multiplicity of his productions. In little more than ten years he produced more than twenty four printed volumes, embracing in their range almost every department of literature. His character will be best learned by a perusal of his works.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the "amiable author"—to use the language of Mr. Prescott—"to whom our rising literature is under such large and various obligations; who first opened a view into the boundless fields of fiction, which subsequent adventurers have successfully explored; who has furnished so much for our instruction in the several departments of history and criticism; and has rendered still more effectual service, by kindling in the bosom of the youthful scholar the same generous love of letters, which glowed in his own; whose writings, in fine, have uniformly inculcated the pure and elevated morality exemplified in his life. The only thing we can regret is, that a life so useful should have been so short; if, indeed, that can be considered short, which has done so much towards attaining life's great end."

#### The New British Ministry.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, has long been esteemed the ablest tactician and debator in the House of Commons, on the Tory side. He is about forty seven years of age. The son of one of the wealthiest manufacturers of England, his attention from his earliest days was directed to a preparation for public life. He was educated at Harrow, where he had Byron for a school-

fellow and companion. The poet afterwards said of him: "Peel, the orator and statesman, (that was, or is, or is to be,) was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase.) We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There was always great hope of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a school-boy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and, in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely."

Mr. Peel was graduated at the University of Oxford, and immediately on the completion of his education entered upon the duties of public life. In 1809, he took his seat in parliament as member for Cashel, and soon became distinguished among the rising young men of the day. In the following year he was made under Secretary of State, and in 1812 was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. In this position, he was opposed to the concessions demanded by the Catholics, and became a conspicuous object of eulogy and abuse. One writer says of him that "there never was a Chief Secretary, whose name is more execrated among the generous natives of the sister country."—With equal confidence another journalist observes—"In the execution of the duties of the Irish Secretaryship, Mr. Peel performed all that was expected of him, and is still remembered with a zealous regard by the majority of Irish protestants. While he exercised such a wise moderation, as not unnecessarily to exasperate the opposite party, he knew and felt it was his first duty to support the fundamental principle of the British Constitution, the Protestant ascendancy of Ireland."

In 1817 Mr. Peel was unanimously elected to fill a vacancy which had occurred in the representation of the University of Oxford. In 1822 he succeeded Lord Sidmouth, as Secretary of State, and proceeded to act on high and strong Tory principles. On the elevation of Canning to the premiership, he resigned, but returned to office under the Duke of Wellington. He was now induced to give his support to a bill for the relief of Irish Catholics, notwithstanding his previous steadfast opposition. This change of opinion made it proper for him to resign his seat as member for Oxford; he then stood unsuccessfully for the Chiltern Hundreds, and afterwards became member for Westbury.

On the death of his father in 1830, he succeeded to the baronetcy, and an immense fortune. The two following years of his life were passed in political conflict, of the most tempestuous character. In this contest he became eminently distinguished by firmness, eloquence, and skill in debate.—Its issue is now matter of history, but its results are not yet to be calculated. His refusal to form a part of the administration before proposed by the Duke of Wellington led to the frustration of the plan, and the subsequent recall of Earl Grey. It is not

easy to speculate on the circumstances that have produced the recent revolution in the Ministry, by which the Tories have been again found in the ascendancy. Still more difficult is it to reconcile this movement with the prevailing spirit of the country, or to imagine any combination of events by which such a ministry can be long sustained.

Next in rank and importance comes the Lord Chancellor, JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, Baron of Lyndhurst. He was born in Boston in 1772, and three years afterwards was carried by his father, the eminent painter, to England. He received his education at Trinity College, and on leaving the university he became a student of law in the Temple. It was long before he met with any opportunity to acquire distinction, but like other young men of his profession was contented to submit to a heartless and thankless toil for its prospective reward. Several state trials of intense popular interest afforded him the first occasion for professional display. In the political excitement which attended them, his name became known to the public as a friend of reform, and his zeal and ability led to an increased reputation and practice as a barrister. "Wetherell & Copley," for their efforts in these cases, were every where placarded, toasted, and applauded,—they were the favorites and idols of the mob—and yet within a very few years, and without any dereliction of principle on either side, they were both created knights, and appointed to high legal offices in the gift of the crown.

In 1819, Sir John Copley was appointed Solicitor general, and in that capacity took a leading part in the trial of Queen Caroline. Five years afterwards, he was made attorney general, and re-elected for the borough of Ashburton, which he had for some time represented in parliament. In 1826 he was returned with Lord Palmerston for the University of Oxford. He was soon after promoted to the Mastership of the Rolls, and in April 1827 he became keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord High Chancellor of England. In this situation he took a full share in ministerial transactions, and attended with persevering assiduity and success to his duties on the bench; till he went out with the change of the ministry in 1830.

Lord Lyndhurst is a person of imposing and manly appearance. His style of speaking is forcible, clear, and unassuming,—aiming more at logic than rhetoric,—at sober sense than gaudy declamation. He is, perhaps, under all the circumstances, the strongest and most influential man who could have been selected by the Tory leaders to fill his old situation. His sister married Gardner Greene of Boston.

The *Foreign Secretaryship*, under the new arrangement has been placed in the hands of ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the Duke of Wellington. The incidents of his illustrious career are of course too familiar to require a repetition. He is now about 66 years of age.—His early education was received at Eton, and at the military school of Angiers in France. His first appointment in the army



was an ensign, and at the age of twenty-four he had become by interest and purchase a lieutenant-colonel. After various military services, he was appointed in 1797 to accompany his brother Lord Mornington, then Governor General, to India, and was actively engaged in the siege of Seringapatam and in the other operations of the army against Tippoo Sultan. Advancement attended success, and he was made Governor of Seringapatam, and one of the Commissioners to fix the divisions of the conquered provinces.—In the war against the Mahrattas, he was so successful as to defeat at the battle of Assye an army ten times greater than his own.—This victory was of the greatest importance, and brought with it the most distinguished honors. The conqueror was made Knight Companion of the Bath, received the thanks of Parliament, and a triumphal monument was erected to him at Calcutta. Already eminent by achievements which placed him among the first captains of his age, he returned in 1806 to England, and was elected a member of parliament from Newport.

His military services not being in immediate requisition, he was sent to Ireland as Secretary of State, under the Duke of Richmond, but was soon called into the field, and accompanied Lord Cathburt in his expedition to Copenhagen. For his conduct in this affair he received on his return the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. In 1808 he received orders to sail for the Peninsula, where he gained an accession of renown and popularity. On gaining the celebrated victory of Talavera, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Wellington. His progress was now a career of perpetual triumph—till he consummated his military renown, and entitled himself to the deathless gratitude of his country, by the splendid victory of Waterloo. On the death of his royal highness the Duke of York, he was appointed in January, 1827, Commander-in-Chief; and a twelvemonth afterwards overturned the Goderich administration, from which he had received this appointment, to assume himself the premiership—and too, notwithstanding his declaration at the previous session of Parliament, that he considered "himself entirely unfit for high civil office."

In the December of 1830 he was obliged to give way for the induction of a Whig Ministry; and now again, in 1834, by a most unexpected and unaccountable combination of the political elements, he has been invested with the power of the Government, and accepted office under a Chancellor of his own creation.

The Duke seems to have been through life one of the especial favorites of fortune. His military career was a perpetual ovation. Honors and riches have been showered upon him with emulous zeal, by the most distinguished sovereignties of Europe. From the King of Portugal he received a service of plate of the value of \$700,000. Splendid services of porcelain have been presented to him by the Emperor of Austria and Kings of Prussia and Saxony. The city of London presented him a massive silver shield,

with representations of his victories in relief. Twelve times he has received the thanks and congratulations of Parliament; and grants, at one time of four hundred thousand, at another of two hundred thousand pounds. Previous to the change of ministry he was in the receipt of 48,000 pounds per annum from the various pensions and emoluments of his office. Thus in the old countries are the people plundered and rifled, to cumulate a demoralizing and destructive opulence in the hands of the great men of the land!

SIR GEORGE MURRAY is a distinguished soldier, who commenced his military career as early as 1789, and has been engaged in much actual service. He served two campaigns in Flanders, in 94 and 95, in the expedition to Holland in 99—and in the expedition to Egypt where he was present at several engagements. Subsequently serving in various capacities in the West Indies, Ireland, and Portugal, he received in 1809 the appointment of Quarter Master General in Spain and Portugal, to the army under Lord Wellington. He continued with the army till the cessation of hostilities in 1814—and in December of that year was made Quarter Master General in America. In Canada he held the local rank of Lieutenant General. For his services in these various positions he has been rewarded with various orders of knighthood.

In May 1828, on the secessions from the administration of Wellington, Sir George Murray took the seals of the Colonial Office; in this place he was one of the most popular and distinguished members of that administration. His intimacy with the affairs of Canada and the West Indies made his opinion always of value, and entitled it to the respect which it received. In the House he was an occasional, and an effective, speaker. In '31 he represented his native county, Perthshire, in Parliament.

The Earl of Aberdeen, now First Lord of the Admiralty, is about fifty-one years of age. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and on the termination of his studies passed several years in foreign travel. In 1806 he was chosen one of the representative peers of Scotland, and again in 1807 and 1812. In the following year he was sent ambassador to Vienna, and in 1811 was one of the plenipotentiaries who signed the treaty at Paris. Immediately after the peace he was created a British Peer. From this time to 1828 he continued to attend in Parliament, without assuming a very active part in the discussions. In January of the latter year he became a member of the Cabinet of Wellington, and in May of the same year was appointed Secretary of State of Foreign Affairs. This office he resigned in November 1830. He is a man of retired habits, and literary tastes. Since leaving the Cabinet, Lord Aberdeen has been opposed of course to the measures of the recent administrations, and has occupied a leading position in parliament; exhibiting a degree of talent and eloquence which have marked him as among the first men of his party.—*Boston Atlas.*

## Culture of Silk. No. 7.

## Original.

The leaves of the white mulberry put forth three times during the summer, and three crops of cocoons may be raised and were raised in one instance in this vicinity last year. The silk of the second crop was considered superior to the first. The last crop was trifling and was not intended, but it was difficult to receive the eggs during the very warm weather.

Three thousand trees may be put on an acre; one half in rows and one half in hedge fence, one foot apart, enclosing the lot. The rows ten feet apart: plant potatoes in the intervening space. The trees three feet apart in the rows, (no matter if the branches interweave) and kept so low by pruning, that the leaves may be gathered without ladders. It is intended to keep the trees about the same size, by trimming off regularly a year's growth and feeding with the cuttings. Trees at four years old would yield two pounds of leaves each; this would give six thousand pounds to the acre, which will feed one hundred and twenty thousand worms at the rate of five pounds to every hundred worms, which is an ample allowance for thirty two days, the term of their lives, if well fed. Well assorted balls, that will run well in reeling, are worth one dollar the thousand. A bushel will contain four thousand, stripped of the floss.

## Passing Away.

By Mrs. Hemans.

"Passing away" is written on the world,  
and all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,  
In its glory's full array;  
Read what those buds disclose—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies  
O'er the soft blue summer day;  
It is traced in sunset's dyes—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees  
As their young leaves glistening play;  
And on the brighter things than these—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow  
Where the spirit's ardent ray  
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart—  
Alas! that there decay  
Should claim from love a part!  
"Passing away."

Friends, friends! oh! shall we meet  
Where the spoiler finds no prey;  
Where lovely things and sweet  
Pass not away?

Shall we know each others eyes,  
With the thought—that in them lay,  
When they meet beneath the skies  
Which pass away!

Oh! if this may be so,  
Speed, speed, thou closing day!  
How blest from earth's vain show,  
'To pass away.



*Dr. Franklin's visit to his Mother.*

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, after the decease of his father, returned to Boston in order to pay his respects to his mother who had resided in that city. He had been absent some years, and at that period of life when the greatest and most rapid alteration is made in the human appearance—at a time when the querulous voice of the scripling assumes the commanding tone of the adult, and the smiling features of the youth are succeeded by the strong lines of manhood. The doctor was sensible, such was the alteration of his person, that his mother could not know him, except by that instinct which it is believed can cause a mother's heart to beat violently in the presence of a child, and point the maternal eye, with quick and sudden glance to a beloved son.

To discover the existence of this instinct by actual experience, Franklin resolved to introduce himself as a stranger to his mother, and to watch narrowly for the moment in which she should discover her son, and then to determine with the cool precision of the philosopher, whether that discovery was the effect of that instinct of affection—that intuitive love—that innate attachment which is conjectured to cement relatives as the same blood, and which, by according the passions of parent and child, like a well-tuned viol, would at the first touch cause them to vibrate in unison and at once evince that they were but different chords of the same instrument.

On a sullen chilly day, in the month of January, in the afternoon, the doctor rapped at his mother's door, and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire—introduced himself by observing that he had been informed that she entertained travellers, and requested a night's lodging. She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume when they imagine themselves insulted, by being supposed to exercise an employment but one degree below their real occupation in life—assured him that he been misinformed—that she did not keep tavern; but it was true, to oblige some members of the Legislature she took a number of them into her family during the session—that she then had four members of the council, and six of the House of Representatives, who boarded with her—that all the beds were full—and then betook herself to her knitting, with the intense application which expressed, as forcibly as action could do, if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the better. But upon the doctor's wrapping his cloak around him, affecting to shiver with the cold and observing it was very chilly weather, she pointed to a chair and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of her boarders precluded all further conversation. Coffee was soon ready and the doctor partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies, and a paper of McIntyre's best, when the whole formed a cheerful, smoking semicircle before the fire. Per-

haps no man ever possessed the colloquial powers to a mere fascinating degree than Dr. Franklin; and never was there an occasion when he displayed those powers to greater advantage than at this time. He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of his modest remarks, instructed them by the varied, new, and striking lights in which he placed the subject, and delighted them with apt and amusing anecdotes. Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until 9 o'clock, when punctual to a moment, Mrs. Franklin announced supper. Busied with her household affairs she fancied the intruding stranger had quitted the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she could restrain her resentment, when she saw him, without molestation, seat himself at the table, with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper she called an elderly gentleman—a member of the council in whom she was accustomed to confide—to another room—complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger—told the manner of his introduction to the house—observed that he appeared like an outlandish man—and she thought, had something very suspicious in his appearance—concluded by soliciting her friend's advice with respect to the way in which she should most easily rid herself of his presence.

The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was certainly a young man of education and to all appearance a gentleman—that, perhaps being in agreeable company he had paid no attention to the lateness of the hour, and advised her to call him aside, and repeat to him her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and then, with as much temper as she could command, recapitulated the situation of her family—observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated that he would do well to seek himself a lodging.—The doctor replied that he would by no means incommode her family, but that, with her leave, he would smoke one pipe more with her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff his powers of conversation returned with double force.—He recounted the hardships—he extolled the piety and policy of their ancestors. A gentleman present mentioned the subject of the day's debate in the House of Representatives. A bill had been introduced, to extend the prerogative of the royal governor. The doctor immediately entered upon the subject—supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments—was familiar with the names of the influential men in the house when Dudley was governor—recited their speeches and applauded the noble defence of the Chamber of Rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the company, no wonder the clock struck 11, unperceived by the delightful circle; nor was it wonderful, that the patience of Mrs. Franklin grew quite exhausted.—She now entered the room, and, before the whole company, with much warmth, addressed the doctor, told him plainly, she thought

herself imposed on—observing that it was true she was a lone woman, but that she had friends who would protect her, and concluded by insisting on his leaving the house. The doctor made a slight apology, and deliberately put on his great coat and hat, took a polite leave of the company, and approached the street door, lighted by the maid and attended by the mistress. While the doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous snow storm had without filled the streets knee-deep; and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch than a roaring north-easter forced open the door, extinguishing the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted, the doctor cast a woful look towards the door, and thus addressed his mother, "My dear Madam, can you turn me out of doors in this terrible storm? I am a stranger in this town, and shall certainly perish in the streets. You look like a charitable lady; I should not think you could turn a dog from your door on this tempestuous night." "Don't tell me of charity," said the offended matron, "charity begins at home. It is your own fault, you tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like your looks or your conduct; and I fear you have some bad designs, in thus introducing yourself into my family."

The warmth of this parley had drawn down the company from the parlor, and, by their united interference, the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; and as no bed could be had he consented to repose on an easy chair before the parlor fire. Although her boarders appeared to confide perfectly to the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin; with suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper box and porringer, from the closet, and, after securing the parlor door, by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the plate to the chamber—charged the negro man to sleep with his clothes on—to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to wake and seize the vagrant, at the first noise he made in attempting to plunder the house. Having thus taken every precaution, she retired to bed with her maid, whom she had compelled to sleep in her room.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her domestics, unfastened the parlor door with timid caution and was agreeably surprised to find her guest quietly sleeping in the chair. A sudden transition from extreme mistrust to perfect confidence was natural. She awakened him with a cheerful good morning—inquired how he had rested, and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of the boarders. "And pray sir," said the old lady, as she sipped her chocolate, "as you appear to be a stranger here, to what distant country do you belong?" "I, madam! I belong to the city of Philadelphia." At the mention of Philadelphia, the doctor declared that he had for the first time perceived any emotion in her. "Philadelphia?" said she, and all the mother suffused her eye.—"If you live in Philadelphia, perhaps you know our Ben." "Who, madam?" "Why,



Ben Franklin, my Ben; O, he is the dearest child that ever blessed a mother!—'What,' said the Doctor, 'is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? Why, he is my most intimate friend? he and I lodged in the same room.' 'O, God forgive me!' exclaimed the old lady, raising her watery eyes to heaven, 'and have I suffered an acquaintance of my Benny to sleep on this hard chair, while I myself rested on a good bed?'

How the Doctor discovered himself to his mother, he has not informed us; but from the above experiment, he was firmly convinced, and was often afterwards heard to declare, that natural affection does not exist.

#### Condition of the West.

We are a young people, and have much to learn. We are a modest people, and listen with humility to the instructions of those who are wiser than ourselves. There are some things of which we are proud; we have a richer country, taller trees, and more steamboats, than any other people in the world—our orators make a tolerable figure in congress, our doctors are reasonably successful in curing the sick, our merchants manage to acquire the means of livelihood, and our farmers make decent crops. Our laws are not very dissimilar from those of the older states, and are pretty well administered; we do not recollect to have known of an individual being hung for the offence of another, or a judge receiving a bribe to abuse his office, and we never hear of a mob except when we get the tidings by the eastern mail. We plead guilty to the ungentle practice of eating with iron forks, and having a common comb hung up in the cabins of our steamboats, for the use of English travellers; but we are happy to say that the practice of sitting at the theatre *a la Trollope*, has been discontinued, since the visit of that very fastidious and remarkably polite lady; and that Major Hamilton might now find, in some of our hotels, both bells and chambermaids. On the whole, we are emerging from barbarism quite as fast as could have been expected, and almost as rapidly as our refined and benevolent friends at a distance could wish. The English language is now generally spoken throughout the valley, a large portion of the population wear clothes, and live in houses, and many of them can read and write. Some of the simplest of the arts have been introduced, and are carried on with a very creditable degree of skill; such as, raising corn, trapping beaver, erecting log huts, building steamboats, making steam machinery, type-founding, and the manufacturing of guns, gunpowder, paper, glass, cloth, iron-ware, tin-ware, and some two or three hundred other things, too tedious to mention. We have even made some maps, books, and pictures, and have invented some tunes that sound pretty well. Nor must it be omitted that there are some churches among us, and a few schools; the Bible is circulated pretty generally among the people, and the prospect of converting the whole population to Christianity, is quite as fair as in Burmah

and Ceylon, and almost as good as in England, France, or Italy.

Considering all things, the march of intellect in the West has been tolerably rapid. Fifty years ago, the pioneers lived in camps and log cabins, wore moccasins, and ate venison; but now their descendants wear boots and beaver hats, and eat beef, like civilized people. In those days it was quite an accomplishment to speak the tongue of the Shawnee, or Mingoes, but now there are not a few who actually read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and even jabber French. When Daniel Boone came to Kentucky he found no road plainer than an Indian war path, and the army of Wayne was preceded by a corps of pioneers to cut away the bushes—now canals and turnpikes, after the fashion of the white people, intersect the country in various directions. Then, the only craft on the rivers was the canoe, the pirogue, or the barge,—now the traveller may be decently blown up in a steam-boat, or if he prefers journeying on land, be comfortably upset in an elegant stage-coach.

Of the vast importance of introducing the 'social and religious principles of New England' into our country, we do not presume to entertain a moment's doubt; for we cannot hesitate to believe that any thing which is to be brought so far, must be very good. But we confess that we are at some loss to know what the principles are, which are so different from our own, and so superior, as to be worth the risk and cost of so distant a transportation. We had supposed that in the social relation we were very much like the people from whom we have descended. We marry and give in marriage, and no man can lawfully espouse more than one wife—we honor our parents, love our friends, and open our doors to the stranger. We work six days, and rest the seventh—eat three times a day and sleep at night—just as the people do in New England. We love our uncles, and aunts, and cousins, as well as they, dress as neatly, and behave ourselves as well in company. They eat more fish than we, and have better oysters; but then we have more bread, and fatter hogs; our tables are more plentifully spread than theirs, while they excel us in some of their domestic arrangements. On the whole, we see no great fault to find with our social principles—nor do we know of a single social principle of New England, which we do not practise, nor an unsocial principle, which is condemned there, that would not be repudiated here. If there be a difference, it is that we have a little more of the social principle than they.

We are equally in the dark as to the religious principles of New England, which are proposed to be introduced. We know nothing about them, except from what we have read in good books, or gather from the late crusade against popish ladies at Charleston, or have learned from the good people who have emigrated out of the land of steady habits. But we have gathered from these sources, that the people who inhabit the Eastern States found their religious belief on the doctrines of the Bible, and sup-

posing this to be the fact, we recognize no difference between their religious principles and our own, nor see any reason why those opinions which we hold in common, should be called *New England* principles. We believe in the Bible, as well as they,—we believe in the same Bible. To what faith then, are we to be converted, what belief is to be introduced, or what principle is to be inculcated? Is it to be something which is not found in the Bible, or is it some denominational creed, in which we have not as yet been fully indoctrinated? The march of intellect, in its hasty progress over our valley, has dropped many hints of new and strange things under the sun, but it has never told us of a New England Bible, or of a code of religious principles professedly drawn from that volume, which has not been fully taught in every section of the Union: and we shall, as in duty bound, be truly grateful for any new light which may be afforded us on this very interesting subject.—*Western Monthly Magazine*.

#### Collectanea. No. 2.

##### Original.

6. The first extract which I make at this time, is from the writings of Dr. Franklin. It is seriously recommended to the conductors of the partizan political press in this country. The introduction into such papers of unmeaning slang, low and ungentlemanly abuse, and private quarrels and recrimination between the editors, has done more to lower the standard of morals among the people and bring the nation into disgrace abroad, than is perhaps suspected. 'The conductor of a newspaper should, methinks, consider himself as in some degree the guardian of his country's reputation, and refuse to insert such writings as may hurt it. If people will print their abuses of one another, let them do it in little pamphlets, and distribute them where they think proper.—It is absurd to trouble all the world with them; and unjust to subscribers in distant places, to stuff their papers with matters so unprofitable and so disagreeable.'

7. I translate the following eulogy on *littleness* (*petitesse*) from the works of J. P. Baratier, a French writer and poet of the last century. It perfectly accords with my notion on the subject. 'I am always inclined to imagine those of my friends whom I have never seen, to be little, because I think many perfections are included in littleness. I never saw the person who had read the travels of the voracious Gulliver, who did not admire infinitely more the inhabitants of the vast empire of Lilliput, than those of Brobdignag.'

8. Perhaps there was never displayed a greater felicity of composition than in the case of R. T. Paine jr. of Boston. He was the author of the much-celebrated political song of Adams and Liberty. When he had finished his piece, he carried it to the house of Maj. Russell, editor of the *Centinel*.—The latter pronounced it imperfect, because it contained no allusion to Washington, and, Paine being about to slake his thirst at the



side-board, humerously declared he should not drink, till he had supplied the deficiency. Paine traversed the room a few times, then called for a pen, and produced the finest stanza in the whole song. It is as follows,

Should the tempest of War overshadow our land,  
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple  
asunder;  
For unmoved, at its portal, would Washington  
stand;  
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of  
the thunder!  
His sword, from the sleep  
Of its scabbard, would leap,  
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!  
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

9. The following is extracted from the expose of the students of Lane Seminary, and is an instance of a fine thought, clothed in still finer language. It is recommended to all who oppose debating societies, for their supposed effect in exciting too much libertinism of opinion. 'Discussion is the standard test for the detection of fallacies and the revelation of truth. It is the furnace where gold and alloy separate. It is the fan which drives the chaff and wheat asunder. It is the court of errors, where the decisions of individual tribunals are reversed or confirmed. In the search after truth, can we dispense with such aid, when available, and be guiltless?'

10. I have often been struck by the many instances on record of the wisdom of the conclusions of men of great minds, amounting in many cases, almost to prophecy. In illustration, there are two instances, which I here relate. In 1755, Rev. Samuel Davies delivered a sermon to a company of volunteers raised to repel the incursions of the French and Indians, and which was printed, in which he uses the following remarkable language; 'As a remarkable instance of this [patriotic spirit] I may point out to the public, that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope, Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country.' This, it will be borne in mind, was twenty years before Washington was called upon to place himself at the head of the American armies.

The other instance is from Massillon's sermon on human glory. The parallel between the character which he gave of the ambitious man and the career of Bonaparte, was so evident, that the edition, in which it occurred, was suppressed by order of the government. It is as follows, translated literally from the original; 'Every thing that appears to him glorious, becomes lawful; he considers moments passed in sage and majestic repose, as shameful inactivity, and as moments that deprive him of his glory; his neighbors become his enemies, whenever he has it in his power to conquer them; his own people furnish of their blood and their tears, the sad materials for his triumphs; he weakens and destroys his own territory to conquer new ones; he arms against him all people and nations; he troubles the people of the universe; he renders himself celebrated, in making millions of his fellow creatures unhappy. What a scourge of blood for the human race! and if there is a people

on earth capable of admiring him, such a people should be his subjects!'

11. Every body has heard the saying, that the greatest coward will become the veriest fury, when there is no retreat from danger. The idea has been made the subject of poetry in the Gulistan, from which the lines are translated by Bishop Heber;

The man who leaveth life behind,  
May well and boldly speak his mind;  
Where flight is none from battle-field,  
We blithely snatch the sword and shield;  
Where hope is past and hate is strong,  
The wretch's tongue is sharp and long;  
Myself have seen, in wild despair  
The feeble cat, the mastiff tear.

### The Three Walks.

By J. H. Le Roy, Esq.

#### Original.

Within the academic hall  
Our task had just been said,  
And Pinkerton's\* frequented aisles  
Gave back our parting tread.  
The voice of science there was heard  
In rich and stirring tone,  
And flowers, from fumed Parnassus culled,  
Around the room were strown.  
But O, that voice was not the voice  
Of streams and gentle gales,  
Nor were those flowers like those which deck  
Youth's chosen founts and vales.  
Full well we loved the kindly word,  
The treasurings of thought,  
Which burning on our young hearts fell,  
From lips true mind had taught.  
Yet dearer far to us than e'er  
The words of man might be,  
Was song of birds and each glad strain  
Of summer melody.  
We turned from mythologic lore  
To Nature's purer light,  
From Homer's page to field and sky,  
With merry heart that night.  
A shout went up from hill and glen,  
As flashing through the breast,  
Sun-light and music stirred a spring  
That ne'er again might rest.  
Meadow and rivulet and tree  
Had each its spell of joy,  
Flinging a dream of holy time  
Around the tyro-boy.  
We paused upon Lake Adel's shore—  
The air of spring-time moved  
Upon its sunny waters like  
The breath of those we loved.  
There in high glee we traced our names  
Upon a tiny oak,  
Pouring baptismal offering,  
As vows of faith we spoke—  
We walked again when many years  
Had set their seal on earth,  
And want and death had quenched the flame  
On many a household hearth.  
Boyhood had laid its laugh aside  
And taken a manly tone,  
And in the eye where mirth had sat  
The light of Genius shone.  
The face no more was calm and free—  
Deep thought was there instead,  
And in the knit and shaded brow  
Some high resolve was read.

\*Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.

He spake of honor and of fame,  
He spake of woman's love,  
And by proud step and flashing eye  
I knew the spirit strove.

Aye, strove it like a giant bound  
In fetters strong and hard,  
Till mortal coil could scanty keep  
The prisoner in ward.

We paused not till we paused beside  
Lake Adel and its wood,  
And gazed upon a stately oak  
Where erst the sapling stood!—  
The leaves were green upon its boughs,  
Its boughs were tossed on high,  
As if it dared the thunder cloud  
And tempest of the sky—  
An eagle with a lofty wing  
And glance of lightning there  
Kept anxious watch, as half he scorned  
To breathe this heavy air.

We walked again: and O, what change  
Had stealthily crept o'er  
The spirit and the form of him  
So glorious before!  
The flashing eye was still as bright  
As ever it had been,  
But its wild glances told no more  
Of energy within.  
A gleam was there, but such as marks  
The mind's funereal pyre,  
Where Ruin holds her maddened court,  
And lights her scathing fire.  
His darkened brow was written o'er  
Deeply with lines of care  
And he who looked might know the storm  
Of Passion had been there.  
The honors which his merits won  
Had fallen in their flower;  
The wreaths which mind had nobly earned  
Had withered in the hour;  
His own good name in slander's breath  
Had suddenly grown dim,  
And woman, where he trusted much,  
Had proven false to him.  
In weariness we paused beside  
Lake Adel and its wood;—  
Alas! the blasted column where  
Sapling and oak had stood.  
Tempest and fire had visited,  
In wrath that forest-king,  
And in a wilderness of life  
It stood—a dying thing!  
Concord, 1st mo. 1835.

LOVE AND SAUSAGES. The Cincinnati Gazette tells a queer story about a young man, who, after practicing numerous callings, at length settled down at Cincinnati commenced trading, and, after a time, in due form, fell in love. Mr. Jonathan and his fair one progressed so far that at length he determined to screw up his courage to the sticking point, and "pop the question." Seizing a favorable opportunity, when the old folks were away, our hero departed to the dwelling of his charmer; big with the important question upon the answer to which his destiny depended, and feeling a natural embarrassment at the nicety of the proposition he was about to make, he stopped by the way at a house of refreshment, to fortify himself with a gin cocktail, or something of that sort. Seeing some oranges on the counter where he was taking his drink, he purchased a few, directed the shopkeeper

to tie them up in a paper, which was done, toss'd off his cocktail, caught up the bundle that lay near him, clapped it in his pocket, and was off in a jiffy to see his mistress.

We must follow Jonathan to the house of his goddess, and in a short time we find him seated to his satisfaction by her side, (not very near.) After a little chit-chat our lover, intending to "pop it out," draws his chair a little closer, till at length, when he had brought himself to a critical contiguity, his heart sprung to his mouth, his fortitude completely forsook him, and the poor fellow sat completely "dumb founded." The silence and nature of his situation increased his embarrassment. The lady herself was somewhat confused, when (oh! lucky thought) Jonathan remembered the oranges. He put his hand into his pocket, drew out his bundle quickly, and threw it forward so as to free the contents from the string and paper, depositing in the lady's lap a pound or two of long plump greasy sausages. The lady at the receipt of so strange a present, screamed out. The lover was equally confounded at the metamorphose of his bundle. The lady's parent entered at this moment, and Jonathan decamped in great haste, leaving his heart's adoration in possession of the sausages, which we do not think she will "keep till called for."

### THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Jan. 23, 1835.

**DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS.** At this period, we have many foreign strangers of distinction among us, enjoying our good things, eating our dinners, and writing books about us, to be published on their return. **JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES**, the distinguished Irish tragedian and actor, is now at the South, and was, some time since, complimented by a public dinner at New York; **MISS FANNY JARMAN**, as she is announced in the newspapers, although, we believe, she has entered the marriage state, has been performing at Philadelphia and New York, at the latter place with little success, and is now drawing full houses, at the Tremont; **MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU**, author of some beautifully written religious works, but chiefly distinguished for her Illustrations of Political Economy, a strange field, one might think, for the talents of a lady, but which she has strewn with flowers, and covered with attractions, hitherto not supposed to exist in such a dry science, is now traversing our states; and **DR. ANTONMARCHI**, the distinguished physician, the companion in exile of Napoleon, and his attendant in his last moments, is at New Orleans, where he has been stuffed at a public dinner, and has presented the city-corporation, with an excellent bust of the First Consul.

**POLITICAL NEWSPAPERS.** We deeply lament the excited and unrestrained malice which at the present period, characterize our partizan papers. 'Party spirit,' says Goldsmith, 'entirely destroys the judgment and distorts the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributed to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who

has once gratified himself with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon reputation.' As a citizen of a republican government, we would have parties; that is, we would have all men follow their judgments in relation to all measures adopted for the good of the country; we would have them openly and fearlessly express that opinion; we would have them, without regard to the political faith of their friends and their neighbors, by the ballot-box and the press, attempt to disseminate their own honest views. This is what we consider a state of things truly consistent with the spirit of our institutions. But when we see our political newspapers openly declaring their party to be their country, the good of the party the only desirable good; when we hear them proclaiming the doctrine of passive obedience on the part of the people, and denouncing all who dare to question the principles and measures of a particular set of men as guilty of political heresy and unpardonable sin; when we see men, under the influence of these papers, moving in masses without individual reflection, or individual responsibility, we fear for our country; we fear that we are under that baneful influence, against which, as a people, we have been warned by a Washington, and a Franklin. But even this view does not include the worst feature in the political atmosphere of the day. Our political papers do not consider the necessary distinction between the measures which they oppose, and the men advocating those measures; and, without considering or admitting the possibility of the honesty of their opponents, they pour upon them the most unmerited and ungentlemanly epithets whilst commenting upon the measures they support. Attacks are made upon the character of unoffending, humble individuals, merely because they profess not the same political faith which they advocate; falsehoods are printed and circulated, manufactured out of whole cloth, cut out at random, without pattern or groundwork, and remarkable only for the ingenious malignity, with which they are fraught; and assertions, innuendoes and epithets are admitted into their columns, which have heretofore been considered so outrageously indecent as to be excluded from those vile sheets which are circulated through our streets in the night. We consider such a spirit as this, as a damning incubus upon the rising glory of our country, as the Maelstrom, into whose influence the ship of the Constitution has already been cast, and will eventually be drawn into that horrible vortex, from whose whirling, giddy waters there is no escape, but the escape of dissolution. Is the public sentiment in favor of such a prostitution of that great "illuminator of the world" the press? Are they willing that the character of our country should be estimated abroad by the tone of such papers at home? If so, for one, we consider that the friends of order, of law, of the continuance of our republican institutions, of the happiness of our country, should unite to roll back this destroying tide, which, like the rolling waves of the molten lava of the burning mountain, will gather strength as it progresses, till nought can withstand the force of its shock. We would give up all other objects for this; we would give up our Temperance efforts, our Colonization efforts, our Anti-Slavery efforts; we would even say to the heathen, 'you must wait yet a little while, for whilst we have been laboring

for your eternal welfare, the arch-enemy of man has been spreading his toils over our native land, and stopping up the ears and blinding the eyes of our fellow-citizens; ye must wait therefore, that we may gird on the buckler of truth, attack this destroying Apollyon, and destroy this Dagon of their idolatry.'—It is our fixed opinion, that it is only by the union and systematic action of the good men and true of the land, that a radical change can be effected in the present mournful and degrading state of public opinion.

We learn from the New York papers that Prof. **MUSSEY**, of Dartmouth College, is lecturing in that city upon dress as influencing health. He is abundantly qualified to show the necessity and importance of reform in relation to this subject, but, we fancy, will find himself hardly tasked to counteract the influence of fashion and habit combined. After all, people will dress according to the popular taste and their own humor. The lectures are spoken of as highly interesting and well attended.

**THE PARLOUR MAGAZINE.** We have received the first number of the third volume of this beautiful paper. It is published weekly, at three dollars per annum in advance, on super-royal paper, quarto form, with a handsome cover, by John M. Moore, 67 Liberty-street, New York; and is devoted to Literature and Fine Arts, the Drama, the Fashions, Tales, Essays, Biographical Sketches, Reviews, &c; and embellished by Engravings, Fine Wood Cuts, Plates of the Fashions and Music. The No. before us is accompanied by an elegant Plate of the fashions for ladies the present season. Highly finished portraits of all the great British and American poets are announced as in preparation, and shortly about to appear in the work. The typographical execution is neat, and the whole appearance is such as to demand an extensive and liberal patronage.

**PARLEY'S MAGAZINE** continues to sustain its reputation, designed for the instruction and entertainment of children, and is most admirably calculated to promote both objects. It is published, at one dollar a year, by Samuel Colman, Boston.

The Editor of the Portland Magazine, in an article entitled the Shipwreck, contained in her January number, has these two stanzas descriptive of the thunder-storm:

And then was rent that fearful cloud  
With many a fiery chain,  
And heaven's artillery thundered loud  
Above the battling main.  
It seemed as if the stars at last  
Had melted in their ire,  
And thrown upon the raging blast  
Their cataracts of fire.

**HAMPTON BEACH.** We learn that there has been a great gale off the coast, which has cast up at this beach such wonders as were never dreamed of by the oldest fishermen in the place. The great Leviathans of the deep have been strown along the shore in great profusion; sea-weed, shells, lobsters, sharks, porpoises, grampuses, puffing-pigs, and for aught we know to the contrary, sea-serpents and mermaids. What a rare chance for a naturalist! We advise our brother of the neutral paper at Exeter to immortalize himself at once, by a visit to, description of, and disquisitions on, these wonderful sea-monsters.



## POETRY.

## To Friend S.

## Original.

"Lean not on earth,"  
 "This world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion giv'n  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
 There's nothing true but heav'n."

See the infant sweetly smiling,  
 See it on its Mother's knee—  
 Is it happy? No; its crying  
 Fills its soul with agony.

See him older—whistles, rattles  
 Fill him with expected joy,  
 And still older—love tales, battles  
 Fascinate the lovely boy.

And older yet, for every season  
 Has its gilded butterflies,  
 Toys and pictures, painted play-things,  
 Flattering nothings—vanities.

We fondle each, and throw it by,  
 Then wonder at our pain;  
 For where we look for visioned joy,  
 We naught but sorrow gain.

The prettiest flower that ever grew  
 Has faded e'er the morrow—  
 The prettiest face I ever knew  
 Has had its joy and sorrow.

Then true it is—our joy and wo,  
 Our morn of life and even,  
 Attest the fact where'er we go  
 "There's nothing true but heaven."

ELIZA.

## The Boy's Last Request.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head  
 Drooped o'er his mother's bosom—like a bud  
 Which, broken from his parent stalk, adheres  
 By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand  
 From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book  
 And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.

"Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day gift,  
 Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,  
 And ere I slept each night, and every morn,  
 Did read its pages with my humble prayer,  
 Until this sickness came."

He paused—for breath  
 Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife.  
 "Brother or sister have I none, or else  
 I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,  
 Come read it on my grave, among the flowers:  
 So you who gave must take it back again,  
 And love it for my sake." "My son!—My son!"  
 Whispered the mourner in that tender tone  
 Which woman in her sternest agony  
 Commands, to soothe the pang of those she loves—  
 "The soul!—the soul!—to whose charge yield  
 you that?"

"To God who gave it." So that trusting soul,  
 With a slight shudder, and a lingering smile,  
 Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

## Song.

By Thomas Moore.

Oh in the stillly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond memory brings the light,  
 Of other days around me.

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken?

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one, who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!

Thus in the stillly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond memory brings the light,  
 Of other days around me.

## The Doctrine of Musical Signatures.

To those students in music, who experience much difficulty in retaining in their memories a knowledge of the several keys, the following scale will doubtless afford considerable assistance.

A's a major key three sharps will tell.  
 The minor A is natural;  
 And A flat major, all will say,  
 With four flats ever we must play.  
 With major B five sharps are sent,  
 B minor is with two content;  
 To B flat major two flats place,  
 With B flat minor five flats trace.  
 To prove our maxim plain and true,  
 C's major key we natural view;  
 On minor C three flats attend,  
 C minor sharp four sharps befriend.  
 The major D two sharps doth crave,  
 The minor D one flat will have;  
 With flat D major five are told,  
 With sharp D minor six behold.  
 With Major E four sharps must come,  
 The minor E has only one.  
 To E flat major three flats fix,  
 And E flat minor must have six.  
 F's major key has one poor flat,  
 The minor F has four times that;  
 For F sharp major six sharps score,  
 To F sharp minor three—no more.  
 G's major key with one sharp make,  
 G's minor key two flats will take.  
 To G sharp minor five sharps name,  
 For G flat minor six flats claim.

The following excellent quiz upon the affected minute and vulgar style, so much in vogue among modern bards, appeared, some thirty years ago, in the Port Folio while conducted by DENNIE, who was probably the author.

BY the side of a murmuring stream,  
 As an elderly gentleman sat,  
 On the top of his head was his wig,  
 And a-top of his wig was his hat;

The wind it blew high and blew strong,  
 As the elderly gentleman sat,  
 And tore from his head in a trice,  
 And plung'd in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,  
 Which lay by his side, as he sat,  
 And he drop't in the river his wig,  
 In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,  
 And fall in his eyes sadness sat;  
 So he flung in the river his cane,  
 To swim with his wig and his hat.

## Beauty.

"The wind passeth over it and it is gone."

How often do we hear men eager in the pursuit of partners for life, enquire for beautiful women, yet how brief the existence of what they seek, and how unproductive of happiness is its possession.

We know full well the satisfaction that sleeps beneath the snow white lids of a beautiful eye; in the haughty curl of an exquisite lip; in the blush of a rose that leaps into the budding cheek; in the fine turn of a swan-like neck, the gentle motions of a symmetrical form, or in the shadowy redundancy of dark and beautiful flowing tresses. The hearts of the young and passionate leap gladly, and are filled with wild impulses, whilst gazing upon these things—but when the soul is scrutinized, and found unblessed by elevated thought and generous imaginings, when the intellect is uncultured, and the imagination cold, the slumber of forgetfulness will soon fall upon the dream of beauty, and the flame of affection be quenched in apathy or disgust.

With men of genius, strong feelings and powerful passions are ever associated, and if beauty is mingled with the qualities of wild thought and affection; if delicacy, and virtue are not admirably blended with mental attractions, the light of love will soon be extinguished, and the general impulses of the bosom chilled by apathy and contempt. Men of intellect may yield a momentary homage to a beautiful woman, dispossessed of other fascinations, even a village urchin will chase the gilded wing of a butterfly, but in both cases the external splendor falls upon the senses, and something of an innate character is sought for to sustain the regard which beauty excited. Nothing is so flattering to the feelings of man, as the exhaustless and quenchless regard of a sensible female, and no incense so rich can be offered upon the shrine of a woman's ambition, as the avowed and enthusiastic affection of a man of genius. Beauty! thou art a mean and unmeaning toy, when contrasted with depth of feeling and power of mind, and she who would aggrandize to herself consequence from the little ambition of personal beauty, is too imbecile in her aspirations, to merit the attention of an elevated thinker.

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